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from his friend  
John Brown

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RAMBLES AT HOME,  
BEING  
A TOUR  
TO A FEW OF THE PRINCIPAL  
MANUFACTURING TOWNS OF ENGLAND;  
TO THE  
LAKES OF WESTMORELAND AND CUMBERLAND;  
AND  
A VISIT TO EDINBURGH,  
IN THE  
SUMMER OF 1839.

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LONDON :

PRINTED BY R. H. HUNT, LOWER STREET, ISLINGTON.

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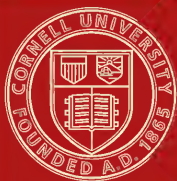
1840



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## RAMBLES AT HOME.

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### LETTER I.

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*Liverpool, 8th July, 1839.*

My dear ——

As I am inclined to think that a short account of a six weeks ramble at home may not be unacceptable, and perhaps help to amuse you,—I send you the results of my observations, which I hope to continue as I move along.

Leaving London on the morning of the 6th, I arrived at Liverpool the same evening, and though it cannot be called slow travelling to be in London at 9 o'clock and here at 7, still there appeared much delay, and we seldom seemed to go at great speed. This quite bears out the opinion I have heard you express as to the progress which may yet, in all probability, be made in steam conveyance: I entertain but little doubt, that a few years hence, a whole day spent on the road from London to Liverpool, will be considered very slow work. At Birmingham, where we stopped about twenty minutes, we found a spacious room reserved for us, with several long tables absolutely groaning under the

weight of refreshments of all kinds, and it was not a little amusing to see the vast numbers of people (who sallied from the coaches, like a swarm of bees from their hive) sitting down and demolishing the viands with such surprising rapidity, that their very *life* seemed to depend upon that meal, which was far more likely to be the *death* of some of them. To be sure, the horn of the mail is quite enough to choke any man, but the sound of the bell on a rail-road, in the ears of a hungry man at his dinner, is not to be described. The driver of the mail may at least have a spark of humanity left; he may wait a few minutes, and the guard may favour one with two or three blasts of his bugle; there is a hope—not so with the railway—the bell rings, the passengers rush to their seats, and woe to that unhappy man who has his mouthful at the moment.

I had heard much about an hotel facing the river, and driving in that direction was conveyed to the Mersey Hotel—the only one near the water. The exterior was well enough, but the Coffee Room was so full of *skippers* to say nothing of the fumes of tobacco and the quantity of brandy and water, that it was of course quite out of the question to think of staying there; accordingly I shaped my course at once for the Queen's Arms where I now am.

The first thing that strikes a stranger on his arrival at Liverpool must unquestionably be the Docks, which are of great extent and full of shipping, so full that one not only wonders how these Fleets of our Merchant Princes contrive to get in, but still more how they are to get out again. They are from all parts of the world, and bound to all parts,

but the greatest proportion of Foreign Ships are Americans. These are generally speaking finer Vessels than our own, though I am no great admirer of their wall-sided shape. The New York Packets are beautiful vessels, and the fittings in the cabins of the most handsome description, the pannels being generally of satin and rose wood. The Docks stretch far beyond the limits of the town, of which they are immediately in front, and are approached from the river by spacious basins of good masonry, connected with each other by a river wall of fine workmanship; and the Quay, were it not for the interruption of the basins, would form a beautiful promenade, some parts of it being 70 or 80 yards in breadth. As it is, one portion extends about six or seven hundred yards along the river in an uninterrupted line, protected with a parapet wall. This part however does not seem to be much frequented, being rather too low down and away from the spot where the several steamers receive and land their passengers, the great source of amusement to all idle folks, here as elsewhere. It runs parallel with the "Prince's Dock," which is entirely enclosed within walls, and altogether I consider it far superior to the other docks, though not covering quite so great an area perhaps as the "Queen's Dock." On either sides are long sheds under which vessels land their cargoes. All the docks have these sheds, which are very commodious and of great utility. Beyond the Prince's dock, towards the mouth of the Mersey, and at present the first docks on entering the river, are two which are used entirely for steam vessels, and I have never seen so many congregated together,—most of them large, powerful vessels.

I am afraid you will say that I am a bad hand at a description, having begun at one end, and must needs retrace my steps to the other, but you must make every allowance; the fact is, there is little to be said of the other docks, except it be that they are all remarkably fine, and no less crowded with shipping, chiefly of a smaller class, and behind them stands an extensive and lofty range of warehouses.

They are now carrying the river wall beyond the furthest extremity of the docks, as far as a little Bay near the entrance of the river, where, at low water, there is a fine sand, and numerous bathing machines are drawn up at the head of it. It does not however appear to have become a "watering place," being so near the town that the inhabitants have only to drive out to the spot, and having enjoyed their dip in the sea to return to their own homes.

It is almost superfluous to say that the Mersey is a beautiful river, and yesterday, being Sunday, it was as lively as Old Father Thames himself. The little steamers to Seacombe, Birkenhead, Woodside, Rock Ferry, and other favourite places, on the opposite side of the river, were plying backwards and forwards all the day long,—crowded with passengers, thick as they could stow, rivalling in numbers the Gravesend steamers on a Monday morning in Midsummer. At low water the landing stairs were crowded to the water's edge with people, eager to jump on board the moment the vessels came alongside, and policemen were stationed at the foot, with a rope, to prevent the folks from pushing one another into the river: no enviable position with such a press behind them. The Quay above was not

less crowded with lookers on. It was really a curious sight, and this continued all the afternoon, for as soon as one boat was off, there was another alongside; every one seemed good humoured and to enjoy themselves.

In the evening about nine o'clock the boats were bringing back the gay parties, and it was somewhat amusing, in more than one, to see a gig on the deck and the horse standing quite at his ease among the passengers, accustomed to it no doubt, and a quiet animal: there was little room however for a kick, even if one should chance to have been left in his jaded limbs. One man had his nag saddled and bridled, and when the steamer arrived quietly led him out, and trotted off to his home. The river is of course a more busy scene on the Sunday, but on other days these little steamers are crossing to the Cheshire side every quarter of an hour, conveying passengers at 2d. a head. These, added to the usual quantity of shipping, afford much amusement to idlers like myself. A visit to the opposite bank should not be omitted. The town with some of the lofty spiers of its Churches, many of which are noble edifices, peeping as it were through the Forest of shipping in the Docks, presents a most imposing appearance.

Observing in my rambles Her Majesty's Mail steam Packet, 'Medusa,' in one of the Docks, I made a point of going over her. She is apparently a fine boat of about 1,000 tons, with engines of 300 horse power, by Fawcett and Preston. There are two other vessels precisely similar to her, the 'Merlin' and 'Medina,' all built at Pembroke dock-yard, after the plan of the intelligent Surveyor of the Navy, Sir

William Symonds, expressly for this station, the latter not yet completed. The internal fittings of the cabins are as elegant as the arrangement of them is judicious.

These vessels carry the Mails to Dublin in the day, on the arrival of the train which leaves London at night, and I am sorry to find upon enquiry that the plan does not answer to the Government in a financial point of view; and that the Company's vessels, which start in the evening on the arrival of the day train from London, carry nearly all the passengers, frequently having upwards of 70 or 80 on board, while the Government vessel seldom carries above 20. I hope some other arrangement may be made, as it is a pity that these noble vessels should be nearly deserted.

I must now say something about the town itself, which presents no less lively and busy a scene than that on the river. I assure you there appears to be almost as much traffic here as in London; indeed, with a population of 165,175 souls, (according to the last census taken in 1831), it could not well be otherwise; as many people bustling about, and as many carts, cabs, and omnibusses, but there are not many carriages.

Some of the streets are handsome, wide and well built; Castle street, in which my Hotel is situated, is perhaps one of the finest. At the top of this street stands the Town Hall, a very handsome building both inside and out, possessing among other elegant apartments a superb ball room: from the summit is seen a beautiful panorama which well repays one for the trouble of ascending: the town stretched immediately beneath, the noble river crowded with

shipping, the pretty banks on the Cheshire side, and the Welsh mountains beyond form a very pleasing picture. At the bottom of the street stands the Custom House, a large massive building recently finished, a portion of which is occupied by the Post Office. Lord street, John street, and many others are also fine streets. Immediately behind the Town Hall there is a quadrangle called the Exchange Building, and in the centre is placed a "Nelson Monument," which I cannot say that I altogether admire. Nelson is represented dying in the arms of Victory who is dropping a wreath upon a sword, which he holds extended above his head, others being placed there already, figurative of his former conquests. He is resting against a flag which conceals the loss of his right arm, and on his left is another flag, from the folds of which Death is revealed with his hand extended and placed on Nelson's breast; it is not pleasing,—a skeleton being anything but an agreeable object in a Public Monument. The figures in Nelson's Monument, are in bronze, placed upon a circular pedestal, at the foot of which are four other figures in chains. There is only one more statue that I am aware of in Liverpool, an equestrian statue, also in bronze, by Westmacott, to commemorate the fiftieth Anniversary of the accession of the good old King, George the Third. It is a fine statue, and I have heard that Chantrey has pronounced it to be one of the best in the kingdom.

There are some pretty gardens at Liverpool, to which the public are admitted upon orders. The Botanic garden is a very nice place, full of beautiful plants. The Zoologi-



cal Gardens are laid out very much in the same manner as the Surrey gardens in London, and seem to be an imitation of them. They can boast of a Mount Vesuvius, the very one I believe that was in London last year, and Mount Hecla will no doubt find its way down so soon as it shall have finished its awful devastations at the Surrey. There are also two Cemeteries, both very pretty pieces of ground, one called the Necropolis which is kept in beautiful order with fine gravel walks, shrubberies, and flower gardens: the other, where poor Huskisson, who was killed at the opening of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, lies buried, seems as if cut out of the rock, the spot having I fancy originally been a stone quarry.

I must now take leave of this busy thriving place,—but not without mentioning the Market Places, one of which, “St. John’s Market,” is on a very extensive scale, and is said to occupy nearly two acres of ground; it is under a roof scarcely less elegant, and something resembling that of which one has often heard, the Exercise House for the troops, at Moscow, the largest roof in the world, resting upon nothing but its walls, that of the Market being supported by rows of iron pillars. These Market places appear to be well supplied with all the necessities as well as the luxuries of life.

Hoping that I shall not have tired you with the little sketch I have attempted to give you of a place so interesting from its vast commercial importance,

I remain, &c.



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LETTER II.

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*Kendal, 14th of July, 1839.*

My dear ——

As you have been kind enough to intimate that my rambling letter about Liverpool is acceptable, I now send you an account of my movements since quitting that busy place.

You must know then, that I proceeded on the morning of the 9th by Railway to Manchester, certainly the most finished railway I have as yet travelled upon. One grand cut is through solid rock, and the line, you are aware, passes over Chatt Moss, which much reminded me of the bogs in ould Ireland. It is not very clear to me how they have continued this part of the line, but the work appears perfectly solid, and the carriages run delightfully over it; more easily I fancied from the elasticity of the bog; not, however, that it seemed to yield in the least degree, as many of the bogs do in Ireland when crossing them.

Arriving at Manchester the weather became very wet, and having proceeded to the "Royal Hotel," a very large and much frequented Inn, proportionably comfortless and extravagant, I sallied forth and procured a superior cotton umbrella of Manchester manufacture for 4s.! really a most excellent article.

My first visit now was to a large manufactory belonging to Messrs. Sharpe and Roberts, where the greatest part of

the beautiful machinery used at the cotton mills is made, as well as the locomotive engines used on the railway; many of those on the Southampton and other lines being supplied from this establishment. There are not less than 700 men constantly employed on the works, and two steam engines—one of 20-horse power, for the manufacture of the various parts of the machinery for the cotton mills, and the other of 25-horse power, for the manufacture of locomotive engines.

The work performed by the above engines much reminded me of that at the block machinery at Portsmouth, with this difference, that at the block machinery, wood is the material chiefly cut by the instruments; and here it is copper, iron, brass, &c. Nothing, I assure you, can be more gratifying than to witness the operation, nor more interesting than to watch the wheels as they go round,—some of them setting chisels in motion, which pare off pieces of iron a quarter of an inch in thickness, without an effort. The machinery required at the cotton mills is of the most perfect description, most complicated, yet most simple, (if I may be allowed to say so,) requiring extreme nicety in its various component parts. As these parts are liable to get out of order from constant use, a large supply is kept in store, made precisely similar to pattern; so that no sooner does an accident occur to any part of the machinery at the mills than it can be immediately remedied by the manufacturers. Sir George Head, in his "Home Tours through the Manufacturing districts," aptly remarks, that it is with a feeling of veneration that one enters an

establishment for the manufacture of other machinery, where, he observes, is "a creation in miniature, wherein variety knows no bounds, and the number and complexity of curious engines constructed merely for the purpose of forming small parts of another, baffle all description."

After going carefully through this interesting branch of Messrs. Sharpe and Roberts' establishment, I went through that where the locomotive engines are prepared, and was no less pleased with my visit. I had often seen these engines on the railroads; often admired them, both on account of their construction, the comparative smallness of their size, and extraordinary powers in moving, like some huge giant, such enormous trains of carriages at such velocity upon the rails; but I confess I was ignorant of their construction, and desirous, therefore, of seeing the *anatomy* of them. They appear so perfect in their construction that it is difficult to imagine any improvement. The copper boiler is perforated with tubes, and quite different to the construction of those used in marine engines. One simple thing pleased me much,—the way that the different parts of the machinery are supplied with oil, while the engine is in motion, by means of a small reservoir from which several highly polished brass tubes are led, communicating with the different parts of the machinery like so many *arteries*.

All these locomotives have their different names, many of which are well selected. We might borrow some of them with advantage for our own steam vessels. By the bye, I should like much to have one of our large vessels called by the name of the "Great Geyser," which from all the

accounts that have been given by those who have visited Iceland, must unquestionably be one of the grandest displays of nature; what can the mind conceive more astonishing, than a vast column of boiling water thrown seventy or eighty feet in the air, accompanied with volumes of smoke and steam, and noises like the distant roll of artillery? Surely this would be more appropriate than the "Great Western;" and if Vesuvius and Stromboli have furnished names, as well as Hecla, for some of our first class men-of-war steam vessels, the "Great Geyser" may well feel indignant at the omission, and look at Hecla, (which is distinctly visible from the Geysers) with a somewhat jealous eye,—for many a mountain in many a part of the world, may boast of similar powers, and make the same grand display as Hecla, while the Great Geyser stands "alone in its glory" throughout the globe.

I fear this is a great digression but you must excuse it.

After my visit to the very interesting establishment of Messrs. Sharpe and Roberts—where I was obligingly admitted without introduction—I proceeded to inspect a cotton mill having previously obtained a letter to Mr. Cooke, who owns one of the largest cotton mills at Manchester,—without which letter it would be hopeless for a stranger to attempt an admission in this, or any other mill in the place. Here there were no less than a thousand people employed, and the inspector who accompanied me round the mill, assured me, that when in full operation they wove in a week as much cloth as would extend in a continued line upwards of 100 miles. This certainly seems an amazing quantity but I

entertain little doubt of the accuracy of his statement. All the various operations, from the first cleaning of the wool, to the manufacture of the cloth are highly interesting. The machinery at this cotton mill is worked by two 80-horse power engines, and one 60. It is perhaps a little curious, and forcibly reminds one of the great quantity of machinery set in motion, when we find so much power required for this comparatively light work, while a 25-horse engine is all that is wanted for performing the heavy iron work at the manufactory for the locomotive engines.

Much having been said of late in regard to the factory system, I paid particular attention to the appearances of the people in this mill, they were nearly all women and children. The heat was intense, and there was much dust from the wool. As far as regards the children, they seemed cheerful, and looked much the same as any others; and the generality of the women strong and healthy, some of them really very fine young women, but there were here and there a few who certainly looked deplorably ill, evidently in deep decline. Where the seeds of the disease are, I have no doubt the occupation rapidly brings them forth, and out of so large a number of young people there will of course be found those who have a tendency to that complaint, so general to the youth of our country, and which carries off so many thousands annually. Though one must always regret to see the poor little children shut up in such an atmosphere, and doomed to labour so early in life, yet I cannot conscientiously say, that I observed any apparent unhealthiness resulting from their occupation. If all the

mills were conducted like this, (which there is too much reason to fear is far from the case,) we should hear but little complaint. My stay at Manchester was short. There is nothing to detain one after going carefully through one of the mills. It appeared to me to be as dull and smoky a place as can well be,—with only one good street running through it, of about the same average appearance, perhaps, as Piccadilly; and very few public buildings to attract attention. Indeed, I was quite astonished to see so large and wealthy a town so entirely deficient of all public ornament, for the buildings really are not worth specifying.

Leaving Manchester, the next day I went to Rochdale, to enjoy the hospitality of some friends, for a day or two. This town is prettily situated among the hills, distant about twelve miles from Manchester, and there are many delightful walks in the neighbourhood, but, alas! it seldom ceased raining during my stay there. However, I made the most of my time, and among other things visited a large woollen mill. The process is very similar to that of cotton, but not quite so cleanly, a great quantity of oil being used in the manufacture of the cloth. Some of the wool which looked beautifully soft and white, I found on taking it up, to be saturated with the oil. I also visited a dying-house where the cloth is soaked in large vats of hot water till it has thoroughly received its colour. The final process is to remove the oily substance which adheres to the cloth, and this is done by steeping it in a certain fluid, which is the only one that has yet been discovered for the purpose.

A visit to an extensive corn mill near the town, probably of

one the largest in England, was of course not to be omitted; it is worked by steam, and the process of cleaning the grain by allowing it to pass through several revolving sieves with brushes within them, is similar to that in H.M. Victualling yard at Deptford. As the mill was at full work, I came out well powdered over, looking very lily-white I assure you. My friend, (who is recently married,) observed to the owner of the mill, that he wished me to follow his example.—“ Ah, sir, he should have thought of that before, he has allowed his best days to go over :” quoth the plain spoken miller. But I was willing to believe that my powdered hair had somewhat misled him. All the Lancashire folks hereabouts seem to be remarkably free and easy in their manners.

Rochdale, like all other manufacturing towns, is a very radical place, and was in a state of much excitement whilst I was there: they were polling for church rates, or no church rates, and an outbreak was of course expected. The military were in barracks under arms, ready to act, if necessary: and the church-yard, which stands on a somewhat precipitous hill, was completely thronged with people, but a single charge of infantry would have sent them rolling down the slope in great and glorious confusion. All however, passed off tolerably quiet, and the Conservatives carried it by a majority of only six.

The chartists were said to be numerous in the neighbourhood.—The friend with whom I was staying, and who is one of the most active magistrates at Rochdale, a staunch Conservative, had managed to procure specimens of the



weapons with which many of these misguided and ignorant men had armed themselves. They were of two sorts, both formidable enough, being sharp spear heads of steel, not less than a foot in length, and one of them with a sort of reaping hook attached to it, for the purpose, probably, of cutting the bridles, in case of a rencountre with the cavalry—not that the cowards would ever face them. To what a state is our country brought in these piping times of peace !

Leaving Rochdale, by coach, on the afternoon on the 12th, I arrived again at Manchester in time for the five o'clock train, to Preston, where I dined and slept.

Preston, is a prettily situated town with a good street of some extent running through it, and in the centre of this street, stand two large inns, immediately facing each other. Numerous coaches are at all times passing through, so that there is always something going on, and frequently a busy and bustling scene in front of the inns. The river Ribble flows in a serpentine course, at the foot of the town, bending its way to the sea through the stately woods, which cover its banks, on either side, and the “weary sun” making a “golden set” beyond them, leaving behind “the bright track of his fiery car,” formed, as I thought, one of the most pleasing landscape views, that could well be selected for the pencil. There is a fine church at Preston, the steeple of which I ascended the following morning, and obtained from it a fine panoramic view, and a peep at the sea, which, whether distant or near, is always to me a pleasing object.

I now took my leave of Preston, and proceeded to Lan-



caster, by a novel conveyance, novel to me at least, by canal, and as you have never performed a similar *voyage*, I shall claim your indulgence, by endeavouring to give you some notion of it. The boat I embarked in was called the *Waterwitch*: it is built I believe of sheet iron, is very sharp, and measures 75 feet 6 inches in length, and is about 5 feet broad; a covering or awning is built upon the sides of the boat, extending entirely from one end to the other, and full of windows, and there is a bench on either side the whole way along it, so that both as regards the motley groups of passengers within, and the *tout ensemble* of the affair, it may not inappropriately be called a *floating omnibus*. This *omnibus*, or *Noah's ark*, was as full, perhaps, as she could well stow. The chief cabin fare was 3s. (for there is a little distinction made,) and this cabin is divided off from the remainder of the boat by folding doors. All the luggage of the passengers, and there seemed to be no small quantity, was stowed in a well at the bows, and between this and the doors of the cabin, there was room for about four passengers to stand, who might prefer an outside berth, which was certainly my case.

The distance by canal to Lancaster is thirty miles, the route being very circuitous.

The *Waterwitch* having embarked her passengers and cargo, was pushed from under the shed where she receives them; in a minute the horses were hooked on and we were fairly under weigh. She was drawn by two, the driver sitting on one, and whipping on the other before him. We

travelled at the rate of eight or nine miles an hour, and changed horses apparently at intervals of four or five miles, when the poor animals seemed to be panting vehemently, and were altogether much distressed. The change of horses is more rapid than that of the mails. They have only to unhook—and again hook the tow rope to the trace: the speed of the boat is slackened, but that is all, it does not actually stop. A quick canter is preserved the whole way, amounting at times almost to a gallop, and the boat then darts through the water at the rate of ten or twelve miles an hour, nor does the driver slacken his speed in going under the numerous bridges which occur, when, from the lowness of the arch, both horse and rider are under the necessity of leaning their weight considerably over towards the canal; and the towing-path under the arch being very narrow, the slightest trip of the horse would doubtless precipitate both horse and rider into the water. No such misfortune however occurred. The boat was well managed; the steersman gave the word of command to the driver by means of a shrill whistle, and a horn; the former to indicate a progressive motion, the latter to “ease her,” or “stop her.”

In the narrow part of the canal the water was often knocked up as much as it is by a steam vessel, and in the most confined and circuitous parts it was forced up into a long unbroken wave, stretching across the canal right ahead of the boat, when a few blasts of the bugle intimated to the driver that it was necessary he should slacken his speed, to allow it to subside; for be it known that so far

as he, the driver is concerned, he would not be a whit the wiser if the boat was half under water or wholly so. The only real danger seemed to be a collision with some of the barges, for in the winding parts of the canal, we sometimes came rather more suddenly upon them than was altogether agreeable.

I went no farther than Lancaster, but the canal continues to Kendal, and between these places six or seven locks occur, which are passed one after another, the rise being about eight or nine feet for each lock.\*

\* This mode of travelling upon canals, is likely through the exertions of Mr. McNeill, civil engineer, to undergo as great a change as that upon the roads, by a similar application of locomotive engines upon rails, along the towing paths.

Experiments, it would seem by the Glasgow Chronicle, have been made in the early of part of October on the Forth and Clyde canal, the result of which has been highly satisfactory: a passenger boat, laden with an average number of passengers, having attained a speed of twenty miles an hour; the wave produced, though large, is said not to have been by any means so formidable as to create any fear of its proving an obstacle to this mode of conveyance.

Eight small vessels of different tonnage, amounting in all to 364 tons actual load, appear to have been towed at a rate of two miles and a half per hour, with about the fourth of the power of the engine, while it is stated that twenty horses would have been required under the most favorable circumstances to have moved them at the usual rate of one mile and a half per hour.

Lancaster is prettily situated, and there is a fine old castle, which I should have been glad to have inspected if I had had time. Finding there was a coach on the point of starting, I went on to Kendal, a town delightfully situated among the hills, with the river Kent, a pretty stream, flowing rapidly through the valley.

At Kendal there is a new church, which I attended in the morning—a very elegant structure. The preacher gave us an extempore sermon, and the service was well attended. In the afternoon I went to the old church, which is very large, and probably among the oldest of the churches in England, but I could meet with no account of it. The roof seems remarkably ancient. A portion of it is wood, worked and fitted together like the rich stone ceilings you have seen in abbeys, with their pendant ornaments. In one part of the church are the royal arms, with Charles II., painted thereon; but this I imagine to have been placed there when the church underwent some repairs, as it is evidently older than his time.—Sunday was a very wet day but the evening cleared up. I walked to the top of a little hill on the opposite side of the river above the town, where there are the remains of a Roman encampment, or keep, the walls of which, and part of a tower, are still remaining, though in a ruinous and delapidated state. I then walked up the river to Burneside, a distance of about two miles from Kendal, a very pretty little village, with a small church close to the Kent, which here becomes much contracted, but flows rapidly over a rocky bed, winding beautifully through the valley. Some parts of the walk are close

to this rapid stream, which is as clear as crystal, and continues so to Kendal. It is very shallow, and not navigable for boats. I do not know whether there are other fish than trout, but this was all I was able to procure at the inn, and I should think there was nothing else. Hoping to address my next from Windermere,

I remain, &c.

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LETTER III.

---

*Windermere, July 17th, 1839.*

My dear ——

I have now the pleasure of addressing a few lines to you from the banks of the beautiful Lake of Windermere.

I took my departure from Kendal, on the morning of the 15th. The clouds were thick, heavy, and lowering : I could not forget that it was St. Swithin's day, proverbially, the most unpropitious day in the calendar, and particularly so, you will allow, to commence a "tour to the Lakes." Bad as my memory is, had I chanced to have forgotten St. Swithin, a very smart shower, just as I was on the point of starting, could not have failed to recall him forcibly to my mind. Having waited patiently till this passing cloud had expended its fury, and pretty well drenched the streets of Kendal, I stepped into my car, a little four-wheeled phaeton, for the hire of which I paid at the rate of a shilling the mile, the usual charge in the districts of the lakes : and as the different cars will always accommodate two persons, and what little baggage they may have with them, the lakes may be pleasantly visited in this manner at a trifling expense. Unfortunately I was alone, which

greatly detracts from the enjoyment of a "Ramble," besides adding very considerably to the expense. The distance to Bowness, whither I proceeded, is nine miles. This is a delightful little spot, situated upon a sloping bank, on the east side of Windermere, and commanding a beautiful view of the lake. It consists of a few houses, and two large hotels, at one of which, the White Lion, I took up my quarters.

Being anxious to make the most of my time, and to visit Eastwaite and Coniston Waters, I immediately made arrangements for the trip, and shall therefore attempt to describe my "day's work," before I tell you anything of Windermere, the largest of the English lakes.

Greatly preferring to ride on these sort of excursions than to be stuck in a vehicle of any description, I requested to be furnished with a horse, when, to my great surprise, I was informed that there were no saddle horses let out on hire. How different at Killarney! where the difficulty is to avoid being furnished with more ponies than one wants, so eager are the good folks to persuade you to hire their steeds. The landlord, however, was a civil obliging person, and though he had no regular saddle horses, was willing to do the best he could to meet my wishes. Accordingly a rough long-backed raw-boned poster was trotted out of the stables, and having first scrutinized his fore-legs, and ascertained the most important fact that he had never been down, I was soon seated in the saddle. He was exceedingly uncouth in his gait, and, when put in motion, yawed about uncommonly, probably missing the rattling noise at his heels,



and wondering, no doubt, what had become of the chaise which usually followed them. Arriving at the Ferry, which is nearly half a mile from the inn, in the narrowest part and about the centre of the lake, my poster was somewhat shy of the water, and had evidently never crossed it before; but a little coaxing soon persuaded him to walk into the ferry-boat. Once afloat, he was sorely puzzled to get out, and sufficiently sagacious not to make the attempt. The wind being rather high, the boat was tossed about a little, which appeared to be anything but agreeable to the quadruped. We were soon landed in safety on the opposite bank, the lake being very contracted at this spot. I now proceeded to Hawkshead, skirting along the banks of a pretty sheet of water, called Eastwaite, at the head of which the little village is situated. This lake is about two miles in length, and half a mile in breadth, and is one of the feeders of Windermere. As there seemed to be nothing to attract attention at Hawkshead, I trotted on, and leaving Eastwaite water, and pursuing a westerly course, soon came upon Coniston water, the object of my ride. The road passes close to the very end of the lake, and is washed by its waves. It is about six miles in length, and viewed from Braithwaite's inn, Waterhead, is certainly a fine expanse of water, discharging itself at its southern extremity into a little river called the Crake, which flows into the Leven. I now went on to the village of Coniston, at the head of the valley, where having obtained luncheon, curiosity led me to stroll on horseback up to the recesses of the mountains to see if there might not be a waterfall.



Tracing the stream, I came to a small one, and higher up, to another, and owing to the late heavy rains, the fall of water was here very pretty, but the channel would no doubt be dry, or nearly so, at other times. I found, at the upper fall, a copper mine, and several people employed washing the ore, &c., but it is carried elsewhere to be smelted.

I did not, upon this occasion, go into the bowels of the earth, but contented myself with picking up two or three specimens of the ore, which seemed to be abundant, and of a good rich quality. On the right of the mountain stream rises Coniston Old Man, the highest point of land, at the summit of which there appeared to be a large heap of stones; and I am told they are going to increase it, and to make a place of shelter at the same time.

I regretted that I could not possibly afford time to make an ascent, being particularly fond of climbing hills; and, as an additional inducement, there is a large slate quarry opened on the side of the Old Man, which I should liked to have seen.

The mountains at the head of this valley are denuded and wild in their appearance, and were sufficiently high to intercept the clouds in their progress, which ever and anon curled over their summits, obscuring them in a mist from the view. The other hills which surround Coniston Water, being verdant enough, formed a pleasing contrast, and the digitalis was everywhere most abundant, and in full blossom. The heaths too were numerous and very beautiful, as also the wild geranium.

Retracing my steps to Eastwaite Water, I again had to cross the Ferry to Windermere, to which my long-backed raw-boned poster had now got more accustomed, and so returned to dinner, pleased with my ride though somewhat a rough one, the distance, there and back, being about twenty miles, and my steed requiring much of the persuasive and somewhat irresistible argument of the heel to move along, which added not a little to the fatigue of the rider. The weather was remarkably fine for the trip; and, notwithstanding St. Swithin, not a drop of rain fell during the day, although I am informed it seldom does anything else but rain in these parts, the truth of which assertion seems borne out by the large wooden clogs, two inches thick in the sole, tipped at the toe and heel with iron, with which the women and children in all the towns in Lancashire, go clattering over the pavements, to the no small annoyance of strangers like myself.

After dinner I strolled up to the top of a barren rock, above the little village, from whence there is a fine view of the lake, which is almost ten miles in length, a noble sheet of water, surrounded by gently sloping hills, verdant and well wooded, and studded with several pretty little islands. Like Coniston Water, Windermere discharges itself at its southern extremity, and joins the Leven.

Curwen's Island, so named after its proprietor, is the largest island on Windermere, and lies immediately opposite to Bowness. The others indeed, are of small extent. They all lie in a cluster in this part of the lake; and both above and below them, appears one uninterrupted sheet of water

Having procured a boat across, I walked round the island. It is said to consist of about thirty-six acres of land ; and, tracing the gravel walk the distance performed may perhaps be about two miles. Owing to the late heavy rains, the lake had made considerable encroachments upon the footpath, which was here and there completely under water ; but a little detour through the swampy grass brought me again upon terra firma. There are some fine trees upon the island, particularly oaks and chestnuts, the latter of which were almost equal to any of those in the noble avenue of Bushy Park, one of the finest avenues in existence, and probably the most beautiful in the spring of the year, when the trees, being one mass of blossom, seem as if sprinkled with the purest snow. The house on Curwen's Island is of an octagonal form, and has been compared, not inappropriately, to a beehive, to which, at a little distance, it certainly bears the resemblance.

The islands, I believe, all belong to different proprietors, and one was pointed out to me, just large enough for a small pic-nic party, and which, I learned, was purchased for that especial purpose for the sum of 300l.

The view of the head of the lake, in crossing the water, was very striking. It was a lovely morning, and the lights and shades upon the mountains (for so I shall call them,) were really enchanting, not a cloud concealed their summits ; they were floating far above the earth, and just in sufficient quantity to cast every now and then the most pleasing shadows on different parts of the heights, while

the bright sun shone forth in all its splendour upon the remainder of the landscape.

It may be as well to mention here that the highest point of land in the lake district scarcely exceeds 3000 feet, which I must request you to bear in mind, as everything is by comparison; and a traveller over the Andes might think my *mountains* nothing but *mole-hills*.

The little boat in which I crossed to Curwen's Island was a rowing boat: there was in this, as in the other boats upon the lake, a peculiarity which I have seen no where else; the oars, instead of being worked in the common rowlocks, are worked on an iron pin, which pierces them, and upon a circular piece of iron extending beyond the gunwale. This gives a good purchase, and enables one man to pull the boat with great rapidity. My boatman was one of the char fishermen, and has followed the occupation three and twenty years, "and his father and grandfather before him," as I was duly informed.

The char fishing is only carried on during the winter months, when the several landlords of the inns in the vicinity of the lakes, purchase the fish for the purpose of potting. There were, altogether, about a dozen fishermen upon Windermere, and it seemed generally to be a tolerably lucrative occupation. Upon my inquiring of the boatman how far it might answer his purpose, he replied, that during the last winter, for instance, the landlord of the White Lion, to whom he supplied his fish, could not have paid him less than 60l.: this, with what he may pick up during the sum-

mer, by the hire of his boat, must afford him a tolerable livelihood. The greatest quantity of char he had ever taken in one day was, he told me, twenty-four dozen and a half; and fifteen dozen the most in one haul.

It has been stated in some of the Guide Books that there are no char in Eastwaite Water, the shallowness of the lake being attributed as the cause; but my informant laughs at this, and says that they are caught in various depths, and that the assertion in the Guide Book, that they are only taken in deep water, is quite nonsense. The fact of there being no char in Eastwaite Water is undoubted, but he assigns as the far more probable reason, the great number of pike, who have there the dominion of the waters of the lake. Pike are also very abundant in Windermere. I was treated with some for my dinner, but it seemed to me to be a perfectly tasteless fish.

There were a few small yachts and cutters lying off Bowness and several little pleasure boats. In some parts the lake is very shallow with rocks, sand-banks, &c., although deep enough in others. In many of the shallow parts staves have been driven in to mark them, but these marks have apparently been much neglected, and either from the rising of the lake, or settling of the staves, they appear in some parts only just above water, and are really very dangerous.

My boatman told me that he and another were pulling along at a quick rate, and ran their boat upon one of them: it was through her in a moment, and they had to pull for their lives, but fortunately they were near the shore,

and reached it up to the thwarts in water, one of the men having had the sagacity to place his foot over the hole, and thus to a certain extent keep out the water.

My visit to Curwen's Island was early yesterday morning (the 16th). The day being remarkably fine, I was determined to make the best of it, and to proceed to Ullswater, through the valley of Troutbeck, and thence to retrace my steps a portion of the way and return to Ambleside, at the head of Windermere, from whence this letter is addressed to you.

For this purpose I hired a gig. Shortly after leaving Bowness, at a distance of about a quarter of a mile, there is a little green hillock on the left of the road, which I ascended on foot, and from whence there is a delightful view of Windermere, and particularly of the range of hills at the head of the lake, which I had so much admired when crossing to Curwen's island. I do not suppose that the lake is anywhere to be seen to greater advantage than from this spot; the view from which includes the whole extent of it. The first part of the road is a pleasant drive a little above the lake, and at a short distance from it. It then takes an easterly direction, leaving Windermere behind, and enters the contracted and picturesque valley of Troutbeck, shut in on either side by lofty hills, through which it proceeds to the very head of the valley. The lower part nearest to the lake is well wooded, and verdant: and a rapid stream flows through it.

Proceeding up the valley, we passed the little village of Troutbeck, a long straggling row of houses, extending

probably about a mile, and built on the brow of the hill, a little above the right bank of the stream, with a church on the opposite side, detached from the village. The character of the valley now begins to change, and approaching towards the head of it the mountains are lofty and denuded, their sides being covered with the debris. The road continues to ascend till it attains a considerable elevation, and the scenery becomes wild: no houses nor huts are any where to be seen: all is solitude. On reaching the farthest point, where this valley terminates, the road winds round the mountain, and on looking back, down a valley which lay beneath us, there is a very pretty peep of the head of Windermere, near the little village of Ambleside. The road comes in at the head of this valley, upon which our backs were for the present turned, which was of little moment however, as on returning from Ullswater, whither I was proceeding, it was necessary to retrace my steps, and pass through it.


We continued still to ascend, winding round a mountain called Kirkstone, till the road had attained its highest point, when we entered upon another valley through which there is a somewhat rapid descent to Ullswater.

The view that bursts upon the sight on entering this latter valley is very imposing. On either side are lofty precipitous mountains, with many a silvery streamlet trickling down their sides, which, crossing under the road in some parts, fall into a rapid stream at the foot of the mountains, hurrying onwards to a little placid lake called



Brother Water, which is seen on entering the valley, apparently backed by the lofty mountain of Placefell.

This little sheet of water, from whence a stream flows into Ullswater, is one of the principal feeders of that lake, which, discharging itself at its northern extremity into a river called the Eamont joins the Eden, and pursuing a north-west direction flows into the Solway Frith.

Nothing can be prettier than the disposition of the hills at the head of this lake where there is a little village called Patterdale, and a small inn for the accommodation of visitors. They are really, lofty some of them being upwards of 2,000 feet. Placefell which I have mentioned before, stands in an imposing manner on the right shore, at the head of the lake. Herds of red deer are said to frequent it; and foxes are plentiful in the neighbourhood. I walked up the side of Placefell to a spot where they are working a slate quarry, from whence there is a fine view of the other mountains and Helvellyn towering above them in the following form . In one of the recesses of the mountains opposite to Placefell there is a lead mine, and the white smoke arising from the smelting of the ore, and ascending into the air, amidst the surrounding darkness of the ravine, added not a little to the effect. There are one or two other lead mines which we had passed in the valley descending to the lake.

I now procured a little poney at the inn, scarcely bigger than a shetland, and rode along the margin on the west side of the lake, some four or five miles, to look at a waterfall called Airey Force the situation of which, in a



deeply-wooded glen in Gowbarrow Park, at a little distance from the lake, is pleasing enough. The path that leads to it is only wide enough for one person. I took my little poney up to the fall, but had some little difficulty in turning him round in so narrow a place. There is no road on the east side the mountains sloping abruptly down into the lake. The ride back from the fall, towards the head of the lake, well repaid me, and I should imagine that Ullswater cannot be seen from any better point of view.

Having gratified my curiosity, and satisfied my appetite, which the mountain air had rendered rather more than usually craving, I hired another gig and horse, and retraced my steps to the head of the valley. They are here building a little Inn, probably one of the wildest spots in the neighbourhood. The road now enters the other valley, at the extremity of which lies Ambleside.

This truly may be called a beautiful vale, embracing as it does a rich view of verdant fields and fine sloping woods, with a small portion of Windermere, terminated by several ranges of mountains, of somewhat regular formation; and beyond them I fancied I caught a glimpse of the sea. The descent to this little village is very pretty, the houses not being visible till you come close upon them. It is situated at the foot of the hills, some little distance from the lake, of which there is no view from Ambleside, without ascending the hills. Behind the Inn where I am staying, the "Salutation," there is a pretty little cascade, some half mile off, called Stock Gill Force.

As I had missed a favourite spot on the left bank of Windermere, about a mile and a half from Ambleside, called Low Wood Inn, by going through the valley of Troutbeck, I walked to look at it. The inn is prettily situated near the lake, and commands a fine view of the upper part, with the surrounding mountains. There were several little pleasure yachts moored off this place.

Fearing that I shall already have tired you, and having little else to say of the spots I have visited, I shall conclude my present epistle, intending to address my next to you from Edinburgh, and to continue my rambling account of my progress through the district of the lakes.

I remain, &c.

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LETTER IV.

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*Edinburgh, 26th July, 1839.*

My dear ——

Having taken my leave of the beautiful lake of Windermere, on the morning of the 17th, the day on which I last wrote to you, I proceeded in a car to Grasmere. About a mile and a half from Ambleside, I left the road to view two waterfalls, which are much spoken of in the grounds of Lady Fleming, at a place called Rydal Hall, a charming richly-wooded estate, with many trees upon it of remarkably fine growth. The walk to the upper cascade is through a narrow glen, the path following the course of the stream, which gurgles over its rocky bed; a more delightful stroll than this on a hot summer's day, under the shade of the trees which thickly overhang the channel in the rocks, cannot be imagined. The distance to this upper fall is about a mile, and the ascent rather steep. The water flows through a chasm or creek in the rocks in one continuous sheet, which opens out into a broader sheet; but this second sheet is not so high as the one immediately over it.

At some little distance from this waterfall, and lower down in the ground, there is another which is shewn to

strangers through the windows of a little wooden building, erected at the foot in front of it, and the effect is really very striking ; the stream being seen as it flows under an arch, *before* it reaches the spot where it falls over. The building appears to have stood there for centuries, and I observed the date, 1617, carved on one of the shutters.

Having visited these falls, I crossed over the road which skirts Lady Fleming's property, and walked into a little garden immediately in front of the cottage of the poet Wordsworth, who most kindly allows any visitor to go into his garden in the very front of his windows,—to mount a circular mound, or grass-plot, and to enjoy one of the most beautiful and picturesque views that can well be conceived, comprising every requisite for a landscape—hills, dales, wood, and water; the very spot of all others for a poet. Wordsworth, I am told, will often come out and talk to the people who may visit this charming spot, which he has so judiciously selected as his retreat in the evening of life ; but I was not so fortunate as to see this distinguished poet and kind-hearted venerable man.

Pursuing my journey, we drove through a little valley in which there is a small lake, called Rydal Water, which, after receiving its supplies from Grasmere, flows into Windermere, and shortly afterwards we entered the pretty and luxuriant valley of Grasmere itself, with its little lake,—somewhat larger than Rydal Water, shut in with hills on all sides; a sweet retired spot, at least, as regards the effect produced upon the mind by the surrounding scenery, but so overrun with tourists, that I was unable to procure ano-

other car to proceed on my journey, and had to wait several hours before they could furnish one from the Red Lion, the little inn where I stopped. I made good use of my legs, and varied the views of the valley by ascending different points; it is, perhaps, seen to the best advantage on ascending the road which passes through it, and which leads to the foot of Helvellyn: the *retrospect* is charming—a rich contracted valley completely hemmed in by lofty barren hills; those on the north-west of the vale being jagged and irregular, worn away by time and the elements, two destructive agents, the ruin of all things.

One of the rugged hills alluded to is known by the name of Helm Crag, whose summit is covered with fragments of rock, appearing, as one of the guide books not inaptly remarks, “like a mass of ruins occasioned by a volcano,” which perhaps is altogether not unlike the appearance it presents; but what think you of the following comparisons drawn by men of talent? Mr. Gray (I quote my guide book,) “likens it to some gigantic building demolished.”—Mr. West, “to a mass of antediluvian ruins.”—Mr. Green, “to the figures of a lion and lamb.”—Mr. Wordsworth, “to an astrologer and an old woman!”—Another compares it “to the wheel of a water-mill,”—“very like a *whale*,” certainly: but so they go on *ad infinitum*, as if every one was in duty bound to find out some resemblance. How one and the same thing can be like any two of the foregoing very *dis*-similar things, I am quite at a loss to know. My own poor brains, I confess, could con-

jure up no imaginary resemblance to anything beyond the ruins of a volcano.

Quitting the delightful vale of Grasmere, one of the prettiest spots in the district of the lakes, and attaining the summit, the bold mountain of Skiddaw, rises to the view, directly in front, presenting a very imposing appearance; and shortly afterwards, the base of Helvellyn—the “mighty Helvellyn,” (so says the guide-book,) is seen on the right, the road winding at the very foot of it: the little inn, the Nag’s Head, Wythburn, as the spot is called, standing on the opposite side of the road immediately under Helvellyn, so close indeed under it that the summit is not at all visible; and, though it does certainly seem a *tough* hill to walk up after dinner, it did not inspire me with that awe I had expected, on seeing the highest mountain in England,—which, however, it must be remembered, is only 3,070 feet. I took up my quarters at this little inn, intending to pass a *quiet* night, being somewhat fatigued, and to ascend Helvellyn the next morning, but I spared my shoe leather, at any rate, for it proved a most unpromising day, blowing very hard, with thick and constant squalls of rain.

Alas! how often are our fondest hopes blighted in a moment. I had scarce got into my bed, and placed myself in the arms of Morpheus, the *God of dreams*, to enjoy my *quiet* night, when a violent battering at the door of the inn set me on the *qui vive*, feeling fully convinced that it would not long stand such a bombardment; and in another

minute the poor landlady, whose husband was a cripple, came up to my bedroom-door in the greatest state of alarm, followed by all her children, vociferating, that "the men had returned to the house! what was to be done?" Be it known to you that the *men* were three drunken blackguards whom I had observed quarrelling and fighting by the road side, when I drove up to the inn, followed by a woman,—and one of them was so pot-valiant that he was swearing with many a strange oath, that "he would fight up to his knees in blood."—A pretty business this, thinks I to myself—but I lighted a candle, and went down to make the best I could of a bad job, not knowing at all what the result might be, but I confess, to my great satisfaction and peace of mind, I found that a gamekeeper, and one or two worthy clods of the soil who had not left the house, as the poor landlady thought, when she came in such despair to my bedroom door, had just sallied forth with sticks in their hands, and so unexpectedly cudgelled the intruders that they took to their heels, no doubt seeing, at least *double* the number of men who had come out to attack them. They never came near the place a second time. All this is well enough by way of variety, but in a lonely spot like this with not a house, save the little church opposite, anywhere near it, and rendered still more lonely by the howling of the wind and rain, the night being very tempestuous, it was anything but agreeable I assure you—particularly as the Nag's Head would not stand a seige, for even 'if they had failed to force the door, the house is so low that the beseigers would not have had much difficulty in gaining



admittance at the bedroom windows:—so much for my *quiet* night.

Having given up all hope of ascending Helvellyn, I proceeded on to Keswick in the afternoon by the mail, which changed horses at Wythburn. The day continued so rough and boisterous that I saw little of the beauty, though something of the grandeur of the scenery. The road passes close to Thirlmere Lake, situated about 500 feet above the level of the sea, and the highest elevation of the lakes. The scenery around it is somewhat of a wild character, and continues so until after passing an extensive peat moss, when it shortly enters the fine vale in which Keswick lies.

The morning of the 19th was, if possible, worse than the preceding day, and it never ceased raining. I need not, therefore say, that I saw little or nothing of Derwent water, which is about three miles in extent, and not much of the mountains, Skiddaw and Saddleback: they were covered with mist and clouds, but as these occasionally cleared off, I could see their outlines tolerably well. Wet as the day was, I trudged out with two other gentlemen whom I had met at Grasmere, as far as a spot called Crow Park, and afterwards to Friar's Crag, which overhangs the lake; and from whence, on a fine day, there is a good view of it; but I saw it under the most unfavorable circumstances, and could only now and then, as the mist cleared away, get a glimpse of Lowdor Waterfall—the Niagara of Derwent water! as my guide book is pleased to call it. The fall of water is stated to be 130 feet, and it is considered the principal cascade among the lakes.

The town of Keswick stands at some little distance from the lake : it seemed to be a dull town ; but what place does not appear so upon a dull day ? There was exhibiting in the Town Hall, a very clever plaister-of-Paris model of the lake districts, which I studied with great interest, and which helped to wile away the time. There was also a delightful little museum, collected by Mr. Hutton, in which I passed an hour or two, and was much surprised at seeing a stuffed animal, wholly unlike any quadruped I had before seen or heard of ; although the Annual Register \* calls it a dog, between a mastiff and a greyhound, and gives its measurement from the head to the tail end, five feet eight inches, and its weight six stone. It is here called the sheep-destroyer, the pest of the farmers some few years ago, from the ravages it committed, and so fleet was it said to be, that although it had often been seen and hunted, they had never been able for a great length of time to get within shot of it. I wish I could tell you more about it, but any enquiries you make about so singular an animal would certainly repay you.

Before taking leave of the lakes, you must allow me to digress a little, and to point out to you the remarkable similarity of names to those used by the Norwegians. The waterfalls are all designated by the word *Force*, Airey-force, Stockgill-force, &c. In Norway, *Foss* is invariably used for a fall of water. Here, too, the islands are called *Holm* : in Norway the same, Munk-holm in the Trondhjem.

\* Annual Register, vol. LIII. p. 107..

Fiord, &c. Here, the word *Fell* is in constant use for the mountains; in Norway, *Fi-eld*, the latter being strongly accented.

I now made up my mind to take my departure from the lakes, for the weather seemed "set in" for bad; and finding that the best, and indeed, the only way by coach to Carlisle, whither I was going to pass a day or two with some friends, was *via* Cockermouth, I went on to that place, although quite *out* of my way, leaving Keswick in the afternoon of the 19th by the mail.

The road skirts along the margin of Bassenthwaite Water, which is a fine lake of about four miles in length, and Skiddaw rises in great majesty above it; but the day continued so wet that I saw it to much disadvantage. This lake receives its supplies from Derwent Water; and emptying itself at its northernmost extremity into the River Derwent, falls into St. George's Channel.

Arriving at Cockermouth to dinner, I found that I had run into the risk of passing even a less *quiet* night, than in the little hedge-alehouse at the foot of Helvellyn.

The Chartist<sup>s</sup> had constantly been assembling in formidable parties, and much anxiety was prevailing in the town: night after night the *crisis* was expected, and the town was to be fired. The magistrates had taken it in turn to sit up all the night through, and were now sitting at the Globe, where I had taken up my quarters, and where I soon learnt a detachment of soldiers had likewise taken theirs. Two post-chaises had just arrived with some of the metropolitan police, who evidently created a little sensation. I

candidly admit I wished myself any where else than at Cockermouth ; but the rain continuing to pour down in torrents, I had no great fear of a *conflagration* at any rate, and indulging in the hope that the Chartists would not be such fools as to sally forth on such a night as this—in which conjecture I was not mistaken,—I went to bed and forgot all about them till the following morning, the 20th, when I left Cockermouth for Carlisle, in the same continued dismal rain, consoling myself by the reflection that I should have gained nothing by remaining another day at Keswick.

The friends to whom I paid a visit, reside near the little village of Wetheral, which is situated on the banks of the Eden, at this spot a river of considerable breadth, and a beautiful bridge, or a viaduct, has been thrown across it for the engines and trains of the Carlisle and Newcastle Railway. This is a fine piece of masonry, the arches rising to a height of very nearly 100 feet above the river, with a span of eighty feet for each. There are altogether five arches, and the total length of the bridge is upwards of 600 feet.

Passing a Sunday at Wetheral, I went to the church ; it is romantically situated above the river, which sweeps round the finely wooded estate of Corby, on the opposite bank, and which, being much swollen from the late rains, was flowing with great rapidity through the arches of the bridge.

There is, in a little vestibule, or gothic chapel, attached to the church, a monument, by Nollekins, one of the most

exquisite pieces of sculpture that I ever remember to have seen :—it is to the memory of Mrs. Howard, who died in child-birth, the wife, I believe, of the present Mr. Howard, of Corby. The figures are most beautiful : she is represented in a reclining posture, with the still-born infant in her arms, supported by a figure of a female whose hand is pointing upwards, and is no doubt intended to represent Religion. The expression of the countenance in both figures is most excellent,—the one so calm, and so resigned ; the other so full of hope, that it is impossible to view it without being affected. There is in Westminster Abbey, a monument that has always struck my fancy, from its beautiful simplicity. It is one by Westmacott, to the memory of Mrs. Elizabeth Warren, who was a lady of eminent virtue, and unbounded charity. It represents the figure of a girl in rags, in a kneeling posture ; but a more beautiful and expressive work of art I have seldom seen.

Taking leave of my friends on the 23rd, I returned by the railway to Carlisle ; and proceeded by the Edinburgh mail as far as Longtown, where I passed the night at the Graham Arms, a most comfortable hotel, which I had not expected to find at this place, having passed through it in 1835, when I well remember thinking otherwise of the accommodation the town afforded.

I remained at Longtown the next day, and visited Netherby, the noble estate of Sir James Graham, Bart., through which flows the river Esk. I had seen it once before, when the mansion was undergoing great im-

provements : these are now completed. I also rode across the Solway Moss, which has in a great measure been brought into cultivation by Sir James.

The little vicarage at Arthuret, where Sir James Graham's brother resides, is one of the most charming places imaginable. The cottage with its little garden, stocked with beautiful flowers, stands on the slope of a hill, and is backed by a fine wood which grows to the summit, from whence, on a clear day, I am told, there is an extensive view of the country.

Leaving Longtown on the 25th, I went on to Edinburgh by a somewhat slow coach ; but the drive is pretty and full of interest. The road follows the river Esk, which flows through a prettily wooded glen, as far as Langholm. It then enters among the hills, which, though pleasing, seemed interminable. These are fine sheep-walks, and some of the more rugged, where the furze and heath abound, are full of black-cock and grouse, many of which we saw from the road. Passing through those hills we came to Hawick, having come upon the banks of the Trent, a very pretty stream. Hawick is delightfully situated among the hills, but it seemed to be a dirty slovenly looking sort of a place, and the streets crowded with idle people, who came hanging round the coach while we were changing horses, very much in the *Irish* fashion.

Selkirk, through which we passed, is also agreeably situated, but was apparently just such another place as Hawick, but perhaps not quite so bad. We now came upon the Tweed, and passed Abbotsford, which stands

prettily above its banks. Between Hawick and Selkirk, behind a small range of hills on the right, stands the property of the Earl of Minto, but it is not visible on the road,—and beyond, in the distance, lie the Cheviot Hills, a very extensive and imposing range, which add much to the beauty of the scenery.

After passing all these places, as also a town called Galashiels, on the Tweed, a rather populous place, and like Hawick and Selkirk, a manufacturing town, for woollen articles, I do not know that there is anything of interest on the way. Approached by this road Edinburgh makes no appearance, and we drove quietly into it just as it was getting dusk.

How agreeably surprised I was with this noble city the following day, I shall tell you in my next.

I wanted to get housed at Douglas' Hotel, which I heard was the best, but there was not a room to be had, and I took up my quarters in the same square St. Andrew's, at the London Hotel, which seemed to be frequented chiefly by commercial men; but it was the nearest place at hand.

I remain &c.



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LETTER V.

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*Edinburgh, July 29th, 1839.*

My dear ——

As I have taken up my pen to address you, while seated in the coffee-room, which is as full as it can well be, you must not expect a long letter, particularly as Edinburgh is a city well known to most people,—nor be surprised at any inaccuracies, for it is no easy matter to collect one's thoughts amidst the incessant din that prevails; the laughing, talking, and clattering of knives and forks,—to say nothing of the sundry calls to the waiter:—one vociferating for “a glass of whiskey and some hot water,”—another — “Bring me a herring, waiter;”—a third — “Waiter, when am I to have my tea?”—“Send boots to me, with a pair of slippers.”—“Bring me a tooth-pick, waiter.”—and so they run on, taxing the poor fellow's memory most unmercifully. But, to the point—Edinburgh is in all respects as fine a city as I had pictured to myself, although I had imagined it to be of greater extent. The houses, however, in the old town are lofty, generally nine or ten stories high, so that it is a very populous city,

and the streets at all times well thronged with foot passengers.

Every one has heard often enough of "the Old and New town;" and that the contrast between them forms the principal character, giving the agreeable effect to the city; but, you may not know (as certainly I did not) how the two towns lie with reference to each other. They are completely separated by a long and narrow valley, at the upper end of which, at the foot of the Calton Hill, there are a parcel of old houses, but the remaining, and by far greater portion of this valley is laid out in gardens.

The *Old* town is built on the slope of a hill which rises abruptly, but to no great height; and the *New* town stands on a hill on the opposite side of the valley. The latter rises gradually, and on the level part, along the ridge of the hill, there is a beautiful street, nearly a mile in length, perfectly straight and ornamented at two of the offsets or streets which cross it, with fine bronze statues of George the Fourth, and of Pitt: the latter by Chantrey, and apparently cast from the same mould as that which stands in Hanover square, London. This street is terminated by a planted inclosure on one side of which stands St. George's Church, an imposing building.

All the streets in the New town are regularly laid out, well built, and handsome, and the houses are apparently all occupied. The descent towards the Frith of Forth is rapid, and the streets steep but not long. At the foot of the hill between the town and the sea, there are numerous cultivated fields on a comparative flat of some extent; New-

haven and Leith, however, occupying a portion, and adjoining the town by a straggling road with houses on either side.

The first spot I sought, to get some idea of the *locality*, I need scarcely say, was Calton Hill. From thence there is a delightful prospect of the old city, and the beautiful expanse of water in the Frith, with a few vessels at anchor, and Her Majesty's ship "Benbow," proudly conspicuous among them, adding not a little to the panoramic view. As she is the first line-of-battle ship that has floated on the waters of the Frith for this many a day, thousands and thousands (I mean it literally,) have pressed on board to see her; and myself, of course, among the number. I went in one of the fishing-boats, as it was the only boat I could procure at Newhaven, and at the same moment the Benbow's cutter shoved off. It was blowing fresh, and the cutter fell to leeward so much, that they were obliged to lower their sail and take to their oars, while the good stiff fishing-boat kept her way, and got alongside some time before the cutter; the Benbow lying at a distance of about three miles from the shore: but I fear I am sadly digressing as I have left you on the Calton Hill, where there is a tower erected as a monument to Nelson, and from the top the view is extensive. Besides this monument there are one or two others on the Hill—an unfinished "Waterloo monument," which has stopped for want of funds; but, even as it now stands it is a very fine and effective *temple*,—standing on a hill which rises so abruptly from the town. Beyond the Calton Hill there is one of

considerable elevation, probably 800 feet, the summit of which is called Arthur's seat. I went up to the top, but after having attained a certain height, it did not improve the view, as the clouds overhung, and entirely obscured it; but on descending a very few steps all was again clear, and the panorama most beautiful. A portion of this hill shows the basalt to great perfection. It rises from the hill much in the same way as the basalt at the Giant's causeway; but I did not observe any distinct columns, nor any apparent approach to columnar formation.

As it is only my intention to give you a faint outline, and as I hope, general idea of this beautiful city, I will now say a few words about the *Old* town; one of the principal features in which is, perhaps, the castle, standing as it does, on a steep rocky hill, rising precipitously from the valley at the further end and opposite side from the Calton Hill; I went over it and was allowed to walk through the several ramparts and batteries. At the highest battery there is an enormous gun, not quite so large, perhaps, as that in the Kremlin at Moscow, but very nearly so. It is a curious old affair, and we learn by the inscription on the gun-carriage, that it was forged at Mons, in 1486; taken at the siege of Norham castle in 1497; sent to the tower in 1754; and restored to Scotland by George the Fourth in 1829. On each side of it are two small mortars. On the battery immediately below this are nine twenty-four pounders, and five twelve-pounder carronades. On the next battery there are ten eighteen-pounders, and on the lowest battery six six-pounders. I believe this to

be a correct account, but I took only a hurried glance.

Walking from the castle I came to a fine church, called the High Church, behind which is a somewhat imposing range of buildings, now occupied chiefly by banks and other offices. This is called Parliament Square, and in the centre stands an equestrian statue, erected, as the pedestal informs us, "*Augustissimo, Magnificentissimo, Carolo Secundo, Britaniarum, Galliarum et Hibernicæ Monarchæ, Invictissimo.*" The head of the horse is badly put on, and the figure of Charles sadly wanting in ease and elegance—anything, in short, but what the inscription would lead one to expect.

I visited the Canongate of course, (as well as the Cowgate,) and in passing through the former, on my way to Arthur's seat, took the opportunity of going over Holyroodhouse, the abbey and palace of which I need scarcely say afforded me the greatest possible interest. The abbey, or as it is generally called the chapel-royal, is a very fine ruin; the pillars of the aisle being in a tolerably perfect state, but it is roofless. In the time of George the Third, a roof of stone was added, but the walls were unable to sustain the weight, and it fell in, creating much injury to the beautiful ruin. There are many people, renowned in history, buried within the abbey, but little time is afforded to a visitor to read and reflect upon the tablets on the walls. George the Fourth, struck with the beauty of the ruin, intended that the abbey should be restored, as well as the palace, but I suppose the funds voted out of the Crown

Revenues for Scotland, for a certain period only, would not admit of it, and the palace alone has undergone repair. Beyond the interest that must ever attach to the palace, and particularly to the closet in which the unfortunate Rizzio was murdered, and dragged into the very presence of Queen Mary, in her own apartment, I do not know that there is much to engage the attention. It is a quadrangular building, rather imposing than otherwise.

Passing a Sunday at Edindurgh, I went to the Scotch church, as well as to our own, and I am glad to say that at the English church, called St. John's chapel, a very pretty building, the service was well attended. In the church yard I observed a tablet erected to the memory of an officer of the Company's service, the simple device of which, (a sailor leaning against a broken anchor,) had attracted my attention. As there is, to me, always something very affecting in the untimely fate of the intrepid mariner, and as the inscription on the tablet is so creditable to the party, I make no apology for transcribing it. It is as follows :—

“ To the memory of Mr. Charles Moir, late chief officer of the ship Duke of York, in the service of the Honorable East India Company, who died at Whampoa in China, on the 19th of September, 1818, aged 33 years. This monument was erected by the officers of the Honorable Company's Fleet, then in China, in testimony of their esteem for him as an officer and a man.

“ His brother officers of the Duke of York, have also erected one over his grave at Whampoa.”

I will not *inflict* you with any prolonged account of Edinburgh, but must not forget to mention a visit I paid to the Castle Mills, a fine extensive building erected for the purpose of working up *refuse* silk, and converting it, by passing it through machinery of the most appropriate and admirable construction into an article, not only fit for use, but which would quite surprize you if you saw it, considering what a *hopeless* material it is manufactured from. They have adopted at the Castle Mills, a simple and ingenious plan, for which a patent has been taken out by Mr. Ivison, for lessening the consumption of fuel, and entirely preventing the escape of any smoke from the chimney, merely by a small pipe passing over the furnace, and emitting jets of steam in very small quantities. It answers in the latter respect perfectly—for the moment the steam-communication was cut off, the smoke issued forth from the tall chimney, and was instantly suppressed when the steam was again let on. It would, I should think, prove highly advantageous, if applied to the furnaces of marine engines.

My next will be addressed to you from Newcastle.

I remain, &c.



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LETTER VI.

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*Newcastle, 10th August, 1839.*

My dear ——

This the last of my rambling letters, I address to you from Newcastle.

I left Edinburgh on the morning of the 30th of July, passing through Dalkeith Park the property of the Duke of Buccleugh, and arrived in the afternoon at Kelso, where I remained till the following morning.

Kelso is a remarkably picturesque spot situated at the junction of the Teviot with the Tweed. The town is not large, but there is a fine market place; and recent improvements have apparently taken place in some of the streets. I passed an hour at the Museum, which reflects much credit upon those who have set it on foot. It is a very pretty little Museum, and among the collections are many interesting natural as well as artificial productions; of the former, the specimens were generally exceedingly fine, and often rare. The whole was judiciously arranged, according to the several departments, and altogether I felt much gratified with the visit I had paid to it.

The fine estate and noble Mansion of the Duke of Roxburgh, stands on a gentle eminence above the left bank of the Tweed. I much regretted that I was unable to walk through the grounds and visit the mansion, which strangers are allowed to do when the Duke is absent, but as ill luck would have it, his Grace had only arrived the previous day. On the opposite or right bank of the Tweed, or I should rather say overhanging the left bank of the Teviot—for the streams taking the same course flow nearly parallel, being separated only by a few fields—stands Roxburgh Castle, an ancient ruin of considerable extent, of which however, little more than the walls of the foundation now remain. There is still sufficient to shew that it was in bygone days a place of considerable strength and importance, built on a commanding situation; the mound upon which it once reared its proud battlements, rising abruptly from the river to a height of some fifty or sixty feet. Nothing can be more pleasing than the “meeting of the waters,” and I should have thought them quite as enchanting as those in the sweet vale of Avoca, had they been somewhat of a more limpid character, but, owing I suppose to the late heavy rains the waters were of a very dingey and brick-dust colour.—It is however to be feared that the Teviot is seldom otherwise, for even Scott tells us that

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“ it sweeps the glade,  
 Brawls over rock and wild cascade,  
 And foaming *brown* with double speed  
 Hurries its waters to the Tweed.”

There is a very handsome bridge thrown across the Tweed, from which looking up the river the prospect is at once striking and beautiful. I have only now, as far at least as my observation extends, to mention the Abbey at Kelso, a fine old ruin of which some of the arches still remain in a tolerably perfect state, and serve to recall to the mind what must once have been the elegance and grandeur of the structure. One of the towers still rises to a considerable elevation, and I was anxious to ascend it to obtain the fine view which must present itself from the summit; but after two or three ineffectual attempts to procure the key, the holder of it being away from his home, I was forced to give it up.

Leaving Kelso I went on to Morpeth, about a stage or so from Newcastle. This is a poor little place, remarkable for nothing that I could see but its gaol, which is a fine massive building. I could not help feeling somewhat amused while seated in the coffee-room alone, and just about to commence my mutton chop, when the door was suddenly and violently opened, and as suddenly and violently shut, the waiter evidently in a state of great excitement,—in which, of course, he supposed I should participate,—exclaiming as fast as he could give utterance to the words,—“Its a verdict of manslaughter!” Is it? thought I to myself, as I recovered from the start, and quietly fell to work to discuss my meal, pondering in my head what the case might be, and thinking as the Chartists were at this time parading the streets of Newcastle, something might have recently happened there, but a gentleman with a bag, but no wig,

a "traveller," (who are very numerous in these parts,) and not a lawyer, informed me that it was the case of Bolam, who was supposed to have committed a horrible murder in one of the banks at Newcastle, the trial of which had caused great excitement, for some days past.

On the 1st of August I reached Newcastle, and was agreeably surprised to see so fine a town. There are some very handsome streets in it with stone fronts, and many superb shops. Grey street, with its handsome column at the top, and statue of Lord Grey, is as fine a street as any I have seen, and though not so long as Regent street is infinitely superior; the houses being of stone. There are many other streets in this new part of the town of great beauty, and the extensive improvements which have been carried into effect within the last few years, and are still progressing, owe their origin, as well as their continuance, to the enterprise of one man—Mr. Grainger.

The News-room, or Central Exchange, as it is called, is really splendid. I was quite astonished when I entered the room: it was originally built for a Corn Market, but has been appropriated to the above purpose. The building is a semicircle, of grand dimensions, with an inner circle, divided off with pillars: here all the newspapers are spread out upon the tables, and I never saw so many in any news-room, and among them strange as it appears, the London newspapers of the preceding day. The ceiling is lofty, and the light is thrown in from the top only, by two rows of glass windows, one above the other; the roof being of a somewhat remarkable, and at the same time handsome con-

struction. I am inclined to say that it is one of the finest rooms I have ever seen, certainly it is quite unlike any other. Strangers are admitted into the news-room, for a month, upon their names being inserted by members, whose subscription is only 1*l.* per annum, and there are already about 2000 subscribers, the room having only been opened about a month. Attached to the news-room is a convenient and comfortable coffee-room, which any person may frequent, and there is a separate entrance to it.

There is also an excellent Museum at Newcastle, which I have twice visited. Among the specimens of mineralogy there are several from Norway and Iceland. The museum is thrown open to the public.

The market-place is admirably arranged, each market being quite separate from the other, but connected by spacious, lofty, and well aired passages.

The Old Town is dirty and disagreeable ; and I fear the New will soon be *soiled*, for it is a very smokey place, quite equal to London in this respect.

While at Newcastle I attended a *Pic-nic* party to Tynemouth, on some rocks by the sea side. There is a railway from Newcastle to this little watering place which is a great convenience, as the distance occupies only 20 minutes. The old ruined Abbey of Tynemouth stands very beautifully on an eminence immediately above the sea, and not far from the mouth of the river, on either side of which at the entrance stands North and South Shields.

One day I rode across the country to Durham, by a short cut, a distance there and back of about 30 miles, and over

some unusually rough roads, which caused me some fatigue, as it required more than ordinary caution in picking the way to prevent accident. The Cathedral was an object that pleased me much. The river Weir takes a singular serpentine sweep round the hill upon which the Cathedral stands in all its majesty, and the banks on either side are beautifully wooded. There is a delightful walk round this sweep of the river, shaded by fine trees called the Prebends walk : nothing can be more pleasing, or picturesque. The interior of the Cathedral is grand and different in architecture to any I can call to mind ; the arches are large and supported by massive pillars, something I should say in the Moorish style of architecture. The town seemed dull and stupid enough ; there is not a single fine street in it, and nothing apparently doing. Having seen the cathedral I made the best of my way home, as there was nothing to induce me to remain at Durham a moment longer than necessary.

On another day I went towards the head of a pretty valley to a favorite spot called Shotley Bridge, where there are some mineral springs :—this is becoming a sort of watering place for the folks at Newcastle. There is at this place a very extensive Paper Mill, belonging to Mr. Anandale. Never having seen one, I went through the mill, and was much gratified. The process is so simple, and the result so extraordinary, that there are few things more interesting :—to see the dirtiest rags converted in a short space of time to a beautiful white pulp, is curious and interesting. They are bleached in vitriol and magnesian salt, (according

to my informant,) and remain in this solution about 24 hours, being then quite white they are placed in a large sort of trough, when they are turned round and round in the centre performing a regular circle in the tub, till they become of a pulpy substance. They are then removed into another large reservoir, and still kept in motion in hot water, and when reduced to a substance resembling thick cream, the stuff is drained off on to a sheet of closely wove wire, (from whence the wove paper is called,) and the water passing through, leaves this creamy substance on the sheet of wire :—it is then drawn through several rollers,—passing gently over them, and finally over two or three larger rollers filled with steam, which partially dry it, and the paper comes out as you see this upon which I am now writing, except that it is afterwards necessary to use size, I believe, in order to make it receive the ink, which would otherwise sink into it, like blotting paper. The pulp is drawn out in one continuous sheet of many hundred yards in length, and after passing the heated rollers it is rolled round and round and looks just like so much calico wound up. It is then removed to the cutting machine, the prettiest thing imaginable, invented by Fourdrinier.

Wove paper is made entirely by machinery, Laid paper by hand. The laid paper instead of being placed on the fine wove wire, is placed on wires placed pretty closely in regular succession, and kept together by seams, as you may see by holding a sheet of the laid paper up to the light. The colouring of the paper is produced by Danish



blue, a most exquisite colour in powder; what we generally call vellum paper is coloured with the same material, only less of the powder is used. So much then for the paper manufactory, and now, if you have no objection, I will proceed to a very different subject, from *white* to *black*; a visit to a colliery, the Gosforth Colliery, one of the largest hereabouts. The descent is by a perpendicular shaft, of 181 fathoms, or upwards of one thousand feet. Having dressed myself in proper costume, and metamorphosed myself into a very quere looking character, as you may suppose, I stepped into a high basket, myself on one side and the *Underviewer* on the other, standing upright, and holding on by the iron chain. The shaft may probably be about three or four feet square, just wide enough to let the basket run easy, and it is boarded, as I was told, and as far as I could see from top to bottom. In a moment away we went into total utter oblivion, "darkness visible," and in less than a minute and a half, reached the bottom, when I found myself in the arms of some kind and considerate but invisible gentleman, who whipped me out of the basket, and placed me on my feet: I could see nothing more than a small glimmering light, like that of a glow-worm. When I had recovered my footing, for I felt a little giddy at first, and had been down a few seconds, I began to recover my sight; and my friend the *Underviewer* and myself having lighted a little tallow candle or rush light, we trudged onward. I now began to see still better, a little time having elapsed, but the sudden transition from daylight to darkness had tried the eyesight. I found

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myself in a rather spacious gallery cut out in the rock, and the roof in many parts finished off with masonry, and on the floor, were two tram-ways or iron rails. Scarcely had I regained my footing, and begun to feel a little at home, when in a few minutes I heard a loud rumbling noise which sounded immediately over head, but in the distance I observed a spark of light which appeared to be approaching rapidly towards us, and presently up came twenty baskets of coal all in a line, drawn by one horse, which was proceeding at a quick trot; a boy was seated on the foremost basket singing loudly and merrily as he went along. The effect in this dark subterranean passage was quite curious. On the approach of one of these trains, it is necessary to stand close up against the gallery, to allow it to pass without grazing, and it was rather close stowage I assure you. There are 40 horses employed entirely underground, and who never see daylight, with 181 fathoms of the mother earth overhead! they are kept in stables cut in the rock, and it is really a most curious place, reminding one of the "Robbers cave;" strange to say, their mode of life seems to agree with them. They all looked well and healthy, and their coats were as sleek as those of a race-horse. Some had been down in the Colliery 10, some 8 years; the weight they drag is said to be about 8 or 10 tons, which on the rails is nothing. On arriving at the shaft, two baskets-full of coal are whisked up at a time, with surprising rapidity; proceeding onward, we had now to turn off into another gallery, running parallel with the main gallery, and used as a sort of foot path, for man and horse,

as there is here a *bank* as it is termed, and the coals are carried down it on the tram-ways by their own weight, descending with great rapidity, and at the same time, drawing the empty baskets up the inclined plane. It would not be safe to walk by that route, and no one is allowed to do so. Having walked along this parallel gallery we regained the main gallery, at a part where horses are again put in requisition, the way being now level. I had gone about 900 yards under ground, and had not time to proceed farther, which I much regret, but you may suppose what a place it is when I tell you that I had still near a mile and a half to go before I could reach the spot where the men are at present employed digging the coal. The heat was intolerable as I ascended the little gallery, where the current of air was in our backs; it was almost suffocating, but by turning round we could feel and enjoy the air. The ventilation of the Mine is very remarkable; the air which descends the shaft traverses a space through all the various galleries of about 38 miles, and it is kept in its proper channel by means of double doors to some of the galleries, on the same principle I fancy as water is kept in the *locks* of a Canal. They have as few of these doors as possible to prevent accidents, for the current once interrupted, the consequence would no doubt be calamitous.

On again reaching the shaft I was lifted into the basket with the underviewer, and a little boy wanting to ascend was desired to lay hold of the rope, at a few feet above the chain to which the basket was attached, and round which he clung with his legs. Having put out our lights, away we went.

again into utter oblivion, and as if by magic in a little more than a minute, we were again brought into broad day light, the effect of the rapid ascent in the dark was singular; the sensation was precisely that of descending, and this without reference to any *optical* delusion. The underviewer I observed every now and then placed his stick against the boarded sides to steady the basket. When we descended the shaft the basket occasionally touched against the side and twisted about unpleasantly, which probably may have caused the little giddiness I felt when lifted out of it by my invisible friend at the bottom, whose harsh and sepulchral voice I forgot to tell you was well suited to the spot.

I believe I have now told you all I have to say, and hoping that you will not have been fatigued with my "Rambles at Home," and that they may help to afford you some little amusement.

I remain, &c.

THE END.

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Hunt, Printer, Lower Street, Islington.









